

Contemporary poetry

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# VOYAGER

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CONTEMPORARY POETRY

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## NOT KNEELING



From neglect comes deviation, electrifying radiation, like a leaf in the  
shadow,

Drying stanza so bore-some, a bit much candidly said,  
In the Sun thinly it is spread,  
As it comes to - an End.

Unpropitious almost as a son left to die in a wooden casket,  
Beating the chest, screaming the pain dumped in the basket  
This fight that is looming, so void and gore,  
Drained of meaning, young and old, shaken, - I've been told.  
Hey, loner-donor go seek Freud and subscribe to the membership of  
bold.

What name, say you?  
Look up, zap the depth and any chance,  
Given but not forgiven, just sanitised slam dance,  
Not tipping the balance,  
So settled, decisive and predisposed,  
Here comes the pain rolling down the mountains at Pieve di Cadore  
You do not know whether to ignore or adore.  
I am a natural riparian who likes to fasten poplars on the banks of my  
heart,

My eyesight at breast height gets pulled by gravity – down!  
Sipping on a glass of *Vitis Viifera* while avoiding an overdose  
In the eyes of a true ochre sensible enough  
To touch the ground or poke her.  
Grab the ivory rod that is a relic of lies,  
Crafted for the bride who held it dearly

In the arc it traveled back and forth,  
North to south, back to north.  
Everything crumbled, thorn to pieces,  
Gunning down feeling after feeling,  
The fight is looming, but I am not kneeling.

VOYAGER  
THE HEROINE OF HARROW

---



To the heroine of harrow:

I offered hard labour, ploughing my soul in an inch,  
Now, days go by in my Trelleborg without feeling a pinch,  
Spotlights, random hot rods, my own stigma as the mark of Cain  
Released to feel a high degree of vulgarity, sole,  
Whenever I want, whenever I can.

Satyriasis immortalised with impunity wrapped up in an isotope of  
bruised soul,

How does it feel to carry around a perforated heart?  
What would you give to know? Do not stress!  
How does an emotional climax end in a cosmic rapture?  
It feels – empty. And it ends by a single word, or less.  
I bolted like a wolf chasing a deer, gone as a seismic capture.

A throb in my temple, a tender temptation of tasteless unbounded  
love,

Onliest, lone, creating brooding despair, sweep off feet kind of joy  
Sudden indisposition towards retribution and damnation  
Have given me the chariots of lightning summits, oh boy!  
Make me write it off with gratuity, simple and quick amputation.  
Whereon I stand, I am insulting my fortune while solemnly swear,  
That I will entertain my fatality with eminence,  
I remain straight as an intention in the head of a monk,  
Reluctant to give any evidence,  
Far from being cool, I'm erasing this junque.



# IN THE EYES

---



My eyes, alabaster white, my time like an Alchemist straight,  
The soul scented slightly like a floating flower,  
Organza – give us a touch, pin it on the heart  
Even if it is meaningless, throw a dart!  
Tediously enveloped, politely collapsed,  
In the mirror looked behind her veil,  
Not sure should I celebrate or hail, or am I about to fail?  
I am stuck now, with the relics of morality  
Beaten down like a clown!  
Suddenly on her turf my heart is in the grave  
Divided, corrupted, blocked and got mocked, as I gave.  
In this final round the clamps got off  
Totally unblocked, - doff!  
Take care of those knees that knelt in grief  
Engraving the exhumed hand that used to bring gifts,  
So revered but at what cost came a bunch of costly rifts?  
Many questions yet to be thoroughly answered,  
Countless feelings to be tamed,  
Heap of time and just one life hardly ever grasped,  
I breed no fear in a juicy delirious pear,  
As I offered an awful amount to share, I swear!  
Pillars turned to ashes falling through the fingers of the timekeeper,  
Who sealed the deal by turning the smell of Citron  
To tasteful sweetness of luscious honey, an ascension,  
Now, gone into a deep gravitational pull of a different dimension.



Like a butler with affluence in an experiment of own creation,  
Counting the amount of celluloid before any fireworks is triggered,  
I gnawed the vapour that was an outcome of a prolonged moan,  
And, held a long serge scarf wanting to place it gently over an open  
mouth.

Scavenger with an open skull letting my brain be picked,  
By mocking the Trinity and the four horsemen with cascades of rippled  
water,  
But fortunately not having enough courage to confront the world.

Like the last pagan king who decided to save all, and what he could  
By blowing a heap of sawdust into the ponds of innocence,  
Sire, I've entered the realm of handcrafted curse,  
Seeing all the bouncy fillies, many, one, none,  
As an immortal faith rained down pebbles of doubt and strife,  
My inner sparrows made swift passes between the ears,  
Bare clean, very lean, moving onto the essence of what one sees as real  
in life.

# I LOVE YOU

---



Shades of Rufus and crimson oared between the eyes and the mind,  
Vestured the feelings that rip the heart as a nagging memory  
Overshadowing the pilgrim's intentions, desires, and dreams.  
The petite wench, this strumpet, harlot may I say, that flies-in through  
the window,  
In the shape of an untamed spirit displaying shoals of souls,  
All undergone sweeping redemptions and purifications,  
Presenting me a handful of utter fluff bound to burst,  
And then, it tortures by retelling a maudlin tale of the piercing tears of  
a past,  
Darkening this ghost that has been feeling an untimely thirst,  
Who threw ducats of affection and loyalty hoping to outlast.  
Oh, no! An herbalist could not help to mend,  
What thorns of a rose do solemnly tend  
They pierce and deflate elan  
They pluck forth the joy,  
And then wait to redeploy,  
Buckets of tears and crates of apostolic lust, instantly,  
Mustering the strength, recalling the sorrow, mediating every thought,  
Oh, Amore! Oh, mystique!  
Impossible is the token that rolls down the chin,  
Yet it happens, as it is  
Crystal clear and crisp, celestial and unwithered,  
Always pure and authentic like the day,  
When mothers for the first time say to their babies – I love you!

VOYAGER  
NEW LADY D'ARBANVILLE

---



Storms came to flood the perversion of careless claims,  
The silent witness seated in his chair with bowed head,  
Not a word is to be spoken, not an iota of acknowledgement to be  
offered,

Despise the betrayal, proclaim the abomination,  
Never repeat the nonsense, the heat,  
Do not greet nor comfort again, stand up as in a presbytery,  
Finalise the prayer to yourself, look up and walk away.  
*Deus, in adiutorium!*

My little soubrette, clever and pert,  
The Waterloo affair brought crossed swords  
And released a horde of travesty in the sward,  
A creation of a new *Lady D'Arbanville* cannot avert  
The glare into the lunacy of impiety that is stripped bare!  
Oh I swear, I swear!  
The tug has suddenly stopped, the ball is being dropped,  
All everlasting reminiscences in a second, forever, - popped.

# D A S E I N

---



The *virtuality* of the moment is like...  
HmMMM ---  
You my mysterious online coquette!  
The celebration of all festivities,  
Unlike any banquet,  
I knock, you butt-in,  
Voila!  
Pearl on the shore,  
And your belly butt-on  
As Heidegger's *Dasein*,  
Being-there,  
I swear,  
I step before you with nothing to hide,  
I let my eyes glide,  
As a spiral,  
A whirlpool of desire,  
A scud,  
In peace and in blood.  
I crave to be the wave,  
On a day, and in the moment,  
I feel, I myself am.



It is not called bagatelle  
But can be one!  
An instant caress of her curlicue,  
Popping the bottle with a corkscrew,  
Objet d'art and its vestige,  
Touch then smell - the prestige.  
Wink and smile,  
Murmur, as braid gets pulled,  
The neck is summoned,  
As a hilltop to be conquered or climbed,  
But not as an ornament,  
To be visually admired.  
(Only)  
Oh, lonely --- lonely,  
It is exposed,  
To devour, to feed upon,  
Or share passion,  
With particularity called aphrodisiac,  
Prurience with lucent aspiration,  
Tune-in all the keys, and hammers and strings,  
As if it is touched by seraph's wings,  
Then gently hand-bound,  
Perfected, to make a sound,  
Soft and gentle,  
Melodic and infective,  
Pleasing and, indeed, very effective.

What card have you been dealt?

Do not look!

Have you felt the melt?

## NIGHT- FLOWER



Of an emboldened soul I dream,  
On the cliffs above uncharted wastelands,  
Shall I dare to march on and to seem,  
Intoxicated from her kisses or holding hands?  
Or give away my solitary pride,  
For a glimpse of her smile,  
In the nights when the Moon is in the bedroom,  
When the night-flower is set to bloom,  
When she is ready to adore and to groom?  
I am not going to dare to assume,  
Nor will I entirely consume the love offered  
O, I am not going to rip my belt,  
Nor will I kill the love felt,  
In the night when she is around,  
I will pick her up from the ground,  
Pin against the wall, look for her soul and her shine,  
While she is helpless and entirely mine.  
In the wolf's eyes there are no cries,  
But the universe of the blue skies.  
You better stop to search, and embrace your find,  
Live the love with your heart and with your mind.





As the rays of the lady Sun  
SHINE,  
Oh, shine on us  
No roquelaure with a hood  
Quiet,  
Nival that once stood,  
No title undisturbed  
Or protected, thus  
Can save you, nor us,  
As your mermaid-leman  
Unleashed a sleepy deamon  
From the darkest night  
That shines now so bright,  
So bright,  
Not even a knight of your height  
Will steek this plight!  
Oh, the slaver in the park  
– Sleep!  
And never wake up,  
Not even for a peep  
Craved by the knight,  
Day and night,  
Not any more,  
As the Sun sends its rays  
Justly bright.

## ALL TOLD



All told!  
Each day, I say,  
Socially dormant, I may,  
Never flagrant, rather  
Concealed, in essence,  
Quite quiescent per se,  
Until she appeared, as  
An alcoholic version of *aquapanela*,  
Fragrant she is, isn't she?  
*La bruja* from the sea,  
Can be. Can be.  
The peaks of the summits  
To be reached,  
*Alpenglow* in her eyes – divine.  
Will shine!  
Oh, will shine,  
Down to the coastline,  
This girl  
As round as a little pearl,  
Polished and clean,  
In my eye just a little swirl,  
Consulting her star,  
Oh, yeah!  
Alone she is in her boudoir,  
Where I ascent,  
With her consent,  
To touch her lips,

Up and down,  
Could not help but,  
Place the crown!

## REFORM



My wheels on the gravel spin around with wholesome timidity,  
forthwith  
No hesitation among the five solitaires surrounding me like a myth,  
I'd made up my mind to commence with resumption of self,  
Like a viceroy who fiercely enjoyed, earnestly hoped,  
Delightfully defended, unprovoked!  
Let me redeem the measure of time I privately bred,  
Strange is the feeling of freedom,  
When everything is done, when everything is said.  
Pardon my ignorance as I stepped into the opposite corner,  
Excuse all the heartiness given never to be forgiven,  
Scarce and hesitant, as a traveler who has sharpened senses,  
Willing to cross the great ocean and a shallow sea,  
With respect and honouring the deal  
Disappointed so much yet those eyes will continue to edify me  
Uplift and weaken,  
Melt and sadden,  
The feeling that lingers is my beacon  
Guiding me through a rough storm,  
March on! Embrace life, exceptionally warm, - reform!

# T R U S T

---



Baleful and stormy nights on the wings of a lonely consoler,  
Beneath smiles a silken aureole, not another brawler,  
Heaven and Earth keep downloading another torrent or reddish  
candles,  
And murmur sets out mediocrity but the teeth rip the chemisette  
With vigour as a kibitzer I observe a pair of lovers  
Burning up the easy-chair they are on.  
Charmed are all attentions given from the heart,  
Yet my ambition is to cut the wrist of the archangel  
Spilling the blood in an anecdote that radiates warmth and precision,  
Without looking for a reason behind such a decision.  
I want dancers to surround me  
And when the curtains drop, my coat is off.  
Never too capricious to be undesired at any immoral banquet,  
Firmly standing upright with the scales of justice in hand  
I am the keeper of my echoes that bounce off mountains of lust  
Do not worship icons nor the Saints, earn my trust.

## EVERMORE



Waiting, intently attempting to hold my breath,  
Subtlety fragrant, dreadful an impression as coined,  
The time that I have been awarded, lapsed yet conjoined  
Oh, duality of loneliness and odious memories  
I've been trying to delete you from the foundation of this suite,  
Or, ever more so, fight the disguise of the life navigation,  
The one that doesn't share,  
The one that doesn't show, or declare,  
But the one that is indefinable as the cosmos we live in,  
No joy, yet there are only accusations of sin after sin,  
As humble as it may sound, (or perhaps not)  
I give a toss to thoughts that yield attestation of my strength  
Fiercely I've felt belonging to prolonged measures of adventure  
Eager in its simplicity, a stubborn quencher,  
My reproach to the veil of silk and satin  
Bend the knee, consciously,  
Atop to the core, evermore.

# SHINE

---



In a serpentine like arabesque line entwined in her green eyes  
Earful of stories engraved under the skin  
Unseen, rather fairly thin!  
As we prattled along that summer evening prolong  
All the pleasantries flanked vigorously down the spine  
When it sunk into the linen I was obliged to align.  
Gladly the offer to cherish stood  
Firm, as a grip on her hip,  
And the preparedness that stimulated tenderness  
As I have been asked to be kind  
With the conventional approach from behind.  
Smile, and I touched the bare flesh  
Averted to embrace her with discretion  
As one would the finest eglantine  
A finger deep into the bloodline  
After which the green eyes - shine.



Hence it begins!  
Admixture of utmost sins,  
A flower purple and thin,  
Iris that is as blue as it's ever been.  
Do not decipher nor should you commentate  
What is understood among the thoughts,  
Shared in silence and candle light,  
Sipped from the glass or nibbled in a bite.  
When I look as deep as I can  
No sparrow sits in the centre of a palm  
It is the raven black raven  
That sits, nodding its head  
Under the Sun, almost like none.  
There is no live, there is no dead  
When it is all said and done  
There is

    A flower purple and thin,  
Iris that is as blue as it's ever been.  
Amidst separation that's a burden of a kind  
The heavenly red-shift  
Taken as a rift

    Offers life and all the joy,  
Celestial and cosmic,  
Atop and adrift,  
Perceived as controlled and off-course  
Of course,



There is no better gift  
A flower purple and thin,  
Iris that is as blue as it's ever been.

## LEGION OF MERCENARIES



As if humility were a legion of mercenaries  
Descending rapidly over me as a scent of a lascivious woman  
In my mind religiosity is a token given in your smile  
The smile that often questions  
The final indicia that separates wanting from needing,  
Desirous from convenient,  
Above all it creates an infinite duality  
That emanates the giving within feeling  
And feeling within willing.  
The skin of the skinned is a testament  
Given by the privilege held in a hand of a Naiad  
Just like in the words of a ballade  
Where the bell of a modestly erected cathedral  
Boosts masculinity as the outcome of an affection  
That cannot be beaten out of me  
By purity of a random intention  
Or by physical craving for joy, but  
By a vestal attraction of oneness with me  
When the emptiness of life is covered in a sandstorm  
Of an endless, Poe like, dream within a dream.  
Forget sitting in a corner of a bohemian pub,  
Until the bottom of a bottle or a life is indicatively seen,  
Or forget shuffling a stack of cards in a maverick style  
To perform the stock standard tricks for chicks,  
Rather inhale concord of an early morning  
When the femininity is awoken, all seeing  
When a dream becomes an axiom of love and in it my being.

# FRILL

---



A frill on the fringe  
Edging closer to flounce called life,  
Not so much for the bounce  
Nor cutting it with a knife.  
I'd rather sashay through it  
Quaffing it in a gulp,  
Don't wait for a pulp,  
Nor boutonniere of this verse,  
Open it like your precious purse,  
And then, with it you go,  
And then, with it you flow.  
An Opus to be made for us  
With not much of doubt or any fuss,  
Sprinkle salacity that is pure  
Cultured and streamed down on us like a cure.  
Let it be puissant  
As it is in fact short lived,  
So sui generis and never retrieved.

## BUSH - LAND



A long ago, during warm midsummer-nights glow worms reminded me  
That constellations in the sky were not the only bright specks,  
I'd run my life checks  
Irregular but stern  
As if I were a dying drifter  
Who throws rocks left and right  
Of the long railway of life  
As if marching uphill rugged Brumby bush-land  
For the last stand  
To defend not only the fragile Earth's crust  
One providentially stands on  
But also to withstand the tastiness of madness  
The present provides in filled up Phoenician stone vases,  
That were resting on the bottom of the sea,  
Until the lungs of young divers  
Brought them back to the surface,  
Right into the nexus of our lives,  
Like a gong of a cosmic time system,  
With the purpose of timing heart beats,  
Of the living,

And the decay process of the dead.  
Aesthetically the battle might have been pleasing  
In the realm of morbidly catatonic reality  
In the end, it turned out to be  
Just a slice of the vintage Hermelin  
Often served in the Central Bohemia

Where big breasted waitresses know very little  
But compensate with the Karamoazovian smiles, so well.  
Terra firma, I stand on, I battle on.

## PYGMALION



As an aperitif to understand the essence of thought  
Blood of a young tortoise touched my lips  
Seldom as it is - pure ichor – I whisper'd in a trot  
Let me get drunk on it while deifying the lunar eclipse  
That is what I deserve, that is what I ought.

Is loneliness a hook up with the animalistic self?  
Wearing an anorak to withstand the wind of banality  
In the midst of a blizzard of an entrenched life  
Giving the advantage to the senses of vitality,  
Not more than Dido ripping her heart with a knife.

Give me the rise of an insurrection I dreamt about as a boy  
A rebellion that would let principles be a judge,  
This would surely deliver the desire for joy,  
Or an uprising of the loyalists that won't fudge  
But will steer clear off temptations or a ploy.  
As a grey fakir I paint a picture into a smudge,  
Away from an aureate garden of gild  
Into a desolate dryness of a scorch'd land  
With my sole soul strongly willed  
And a single stroke of my angry hand.

I wished to give tonality in sound and in colour  
While being smitten by the freshly cut grass  
All the riches will never appease the dolour

As I stand next to a window made of the Venetian glass.  
Here I am, in justice I fall  
Being accused of playing Pygmalion  
Exalted to the throne of Gaslight and all  
Given the heart on the platter as a medallion  
Draining an amassment of turbulence  
From the cluster of words that smack the gob  
And remain in our ears as stubborn permanence  
And I run, and run, and run, non-stop.

## THE ORB



Of the orb I speak in awe  
Of the Moon with its slender claw  
Finite in size, elysian in presence, there to watch  
Crop the doubt, step up a notch  
As is he - *facile princeps* - a sublunary prince,  
Devout and intense ever since  
The days of deportation from Attica of North  
In the downtown *Abaddon* he came forth  
To denounce neither world in order to live  
Only in you could he ever believe.  
Yet the stigmata pierced the skin  
Grafted the soul infinitely thin  
Battles abated but the burden rose  
From the nadir of the pith to foreclose  
Every chamber of every pore  
And then, disappeared into nevermore.  
In the dreams I see time and again  
A stoic oak tree turned into a cane  
An untamed ocean of tenacious fire  
Almost silent voices of desire  
Composed while whispering into his ear  
Go back to *Attica of North*  
Reset in *Abaddon* where he came forth.



# MORTAL COIL

---



Of barren, coarse, of wrath I speak,  
Long I pondered my passage through the Gates,  
Now I stand at the prow surrendered and bleak,  
Sailing my gondola like an eel through the Straits,  
Where I am at peace with falling off the cliff,  
Whizzing like an ancient spear,  
Swept from the earth in the moment of grief,  
Seeing all the pictures of life in retro, my dear.  
Whence I will see what I could not see,  
And I will feel what I could not feel,  
The depth of the calm and the sea,  
In the palaces of nothingness where I will peel,  
Planks of carved wood,  
With the images of what is known as love,  
It- that once stood,  
Deep inside of soul, in the heart and above.  
Before others I stood and swore,  
Before others I happily kissed,  
As *Orlando Furioso*, I dare not ever soar,  
Eyes closed that will never be missed.  
This life is toil,  
Scuffed and scrapped,  
Yet a heavy mortal coil,  
In its breadth and its depth.

## ANTE BELLUM



In this rainy coldness of a night  
I am drained and dry like a hanging Bacalao.  
I hope it comes to pass!  
As cant as I am - broken as a rib,  
As grey as ash is - as dim as an ass,  
Take without hesitation this crib,  
Burry your fingers in it and pinch this salt,  
Sprinkle it over my eternal wound as you - *ad lib*,  
Watch me burn out in a moment like a thunderbolt!  
The crown of this banquet - a jewel,  
Giving this islander of isolation,  
A continent of frontiers in a cave of cruel,  
Boarding and grafting,  
Waiting and longing,  
I am on the keep as an Egret,  
Consumed by the beast that is nibbling from within,  
Eating the words in the shadow of regret.  
Diving through the burning hellfire,  
Covered in self-inflicted lacerations of magma,  
And the beating heart enveloped in wire,  
Then an impulse in the head... [Snap!] *syntagma*!  
Scream followed by howling ,  
Bloody markings splashed across the wall,  
Stop the brawl, ante bellum, atoll, at all!

# I S I D O R E

---



Standing up on this polished stone as  
A bard once upon a time  
In the utopian monarchy of my lonely thought  
Sharping up the plight for its prime.  
As an apostate of vice  
On the face of the last dime,  
Announcing to the world my departure  
As a ci-devant scribe free of crime.  
Of misgiving, I trumpeted via dichotomy of gore  
Imbued as I may, silent and subversive  
This ambient resembles the inner furor  
Pure, hot, melting plasma and perverse  
Gratitude for incensed horn in the hand of *Isidore*!  
I have opened this door,  
Bearing the downpour of gall,  
Presumption full of venom in the mouth  
Of a snake wrangling the past  
That brings a constant surge of drought  
In the life so rough that won't last.  
Give me the strength, for I have fought  
A fane carved into stone, for I have known,  
Give me the pith of what I crave,  
Like falling feathers from the pillow of love,  
Where I have seen the maiden,  
Levitating in the forests of deep, and above.  
I extent the space-time to moulder my soul,

In the battle that my body won't endure,  
But will in self-crucifixion enter the shoal,  
Of far-away lands, and of peace so pure.  
I have chosen you, and given you the power,  
I awarded you with such a gift.  
Look at me with your marble blue eyes,  
The same way I looked at you,  
From down under, under the skies.  
I cannot force the demons floating in the shadows,  
I cannot untangle mysteries and secrets,  
Of innocent feelings, for I have spawn,  
Sipping from this streamlet I call heart,  
Here is a chalice to drink up from dusk till dawn.  
That husky voice I held in my ears,  
Like the stairway of ascension into music,  
Into virtue, into solemn dream-world with no fears,  
Where I could touch the fingers again,  
Gently like the keys of an accordion,  
For ought I know, soft and round,  
Untangle this knot known as Gordian.  
How our choices and paths lead to mysteries,  
How mysteries create despair,  
I will kill the serpent on the horizon,  
And that will make it just and fair.

# D A M S E L

---



Epaulets of schmaltzy eyes set to be so loose  
Given a glass of rosewater, its perfect booze!  
This cattish damsel in the planetary alignment of swank  
Regularly chichi, sometimes bltchy  
Never mind, always kind, two-up for a Blanc.  
A scene isn't required in this oratorio of vigorous clap,  
Attend our burlesque all graceful, with a strap,  
Ready for a striptease of the intellect  
In the house of opaque ornaments and frill  
No defence, for I've come to kneel  
Before the throne thrown a bone  
And over it like a dog I bog-in  
Committing - a sin after sin.  
Where to stop, when to cop?  
Though if it is dead when all is said  
In the endless abyss of frenzy and tears  
I command the battle of no fears  
Until the end of Act 1  
Stay put, it's not done!  
You've moved, you've improved  
It's time! It's time!

V O Y A G E R  
P A R C E L 38 G R A V E N O . 509

---



Rufescent clouds descend on the Victorian horizon as the sky dies  
Beneath them bone chilling winds roar as salvos,  
I feel like an acceptor who adheres to the doctrine of disguise  
While looking through the prism of a Sunset Tourmaline.  
It is not what I want but what I prize.  
As a harbinger I walk through the walls of smashed mirrors  
And build realities of destiny and pain  
To forge the fabric of this world in a single ripple  
Where an image of her is an apotheosis of authenticity,  
The essence of love is in the realm of gods,  
And where, I am finally a happy man.

Only through my poetic cathexis I have not failed to connect  
With the dynamics of life, - but not with a 3rd party  
Without being hit on my head as if the voice asked;  
Are you there, Moriarty?  
Well, I am here in the misty dominion under the hat  
Alienated from "the superficial society of blog"  
Far from being a leader  
And definitely, my name is not Gog!  
This isn't my Cantos but a litany to  
Parcel 38 Grave No. 509,  
My brief moment, said I - to reflect, and confine.

My intention is to imply that the usurper of balanced life  
Lives inside of me hidden at the bottom of my soul

Dressed up like a Zoroastrian priest, and  
Could only be an equal to the imperator of farce,  
As [it is] an unfortunate part of my character in a lockdown.  
I dream, in this playground, summers of joy and love  
A sweet-dream that is released on the wings of a dove  
Kept from the curious eyes in her secret chamber of patience  
Not fragmented or corroded,  
Not boycotting as a dissident with a flag in his arm  
But giving an understanding and relentless calm.

## SHARP KNIFE



I hide in a celom of a Langur when it sleeps,  
In the shadow of a burl at the door of a temple,  
I - a knotted clunker rolling ever so slowly  
In the corner of the brotherhood of wreck,  
I - holed up as a squirrel in the barrel  
Of a hunter's rusty shot-gun  
The one without a shell.  
The one no one wants to touch!  
I have been dusting away under a fallen church bell.

A whiz of an incoming pendulum  
Rives and cleaves all the past Moons  
And any pollen in the moonlight  
That may impregnate her before my eyes  
Unwell thoughts of an unwell being, said he  
Who has been recommended to heal me  
Through this virtual box in the circus of life  
I sure hear, and I sure work my tongue  
Along the blade - a sharp knife!



# LAST LOOK

---



One last look - deep in the furrow of my palm  
Identifies the See not as holy - yet  
My cathedra, from which I bounce off into the night  
Above an anvil cloud spreading my wings like a jet  
Off to a good star, I hear - in flight!

This ship does not dock at the wharf  
In the shape of a dog's heart  
It does not matter - I am not a giant or a dwarf  
Nor am I naïve or smart.

This little quail curled up in mistrust  
Relentlessly pursuing an ideal of her dream,  
I don't auction off my heart, even if I am bust  
I walk against the currents of my life – up-stream.

I will forgive you everything in a droplet called –tear,  
As it is rolling down the cheek of a swan  
Holding onto what is very, very dear,  
Considering you nothing but the only life photon.

As if I have methodically defiled love  
While sitting on the last seat of an empty tram  
That is taking me into the night with a ripped glove  
A window and my image in it – I see clam.

At about two and a half minutes into ascent



I have learned to hold my breath  
And yet I cannot escape this mental bend so pent  
Created in the bloodbath to soothe the virginity of death.

# P O E M

---



Drawing the lines across the sky,  
Stormy lights and roaring drums,  
Rain the Nakhlites that fall nigh,  
Facing the fate as it comes.

Embrace the patches along a shoal,  
Mist in the heart so remote,  
Being one, only and jolly whole,  
You'ren't a sun to glare or gloat.

On the surface it's a serpent,  
A solemn force holly and brave,  
Wherefore we shall not perpent,  
But drop in-a-sec rogue and knave.

Whereof one could slay or swerve,  
Or be a savage chewing on a petal,  
It's better not to lose a nerve,  
Or get an antidote to settle.

Don't be salty, hold no grudge,  
Rise above the mighty waves,  
Taking nothing into the graves,  
Forget about the final judge!

## REVERIE



Yestreen, the pit opened wide  
To melt blatant lies and cheat,  
The promises of fake reverence,  
And infinite prospects of utter bleat.

The flames burned, scenic and vast,  
Or it seemed to be the case, at last,  
Vivid, with the sound of bells'n'shells  
As they would, between two cartels.

The mudra act caused a giggle  
When asked for a quick jiggle,  
Stop the convo, cut me a groove  
It's a perfect night for such a move.

Being sick of soft masculinity et al.  
Politically kind to the art of Chagall,  
I'd appreciate a woman as she is  
Femme, native, including the striptease.

So, is it better to convo and lingo  
About all the current and forced BS,  
Or to strip bare to dare, and caress  
With a great chance of scoring a bingo?

# TO MY LOVE

---



Far from having a nascent thought that envelops my rabid self,  
Like inside of an accurate Swiss watch that had been given -  
A present to presidents and diplomats from the 70's era,  
Memories in the kaleidoscope of life, one by one,  
Like crazy soldiers we used to see on TV  
Who marched on red symmetric communist squares, come  
And begin a very fine process of fermentation with a kick of stum  
Giving it a thought, I say! Aha!  
A viaduct to conciliate between a rosette and an aigrette  
Of troubling cause, you little missus who are not ready to pause  
You will say many wise things; Oh iconicity! One, for instance,  
Awfully surprising, hardly anyone; I am selling the house!  
Ha-ha! You are a cynic!  
Am I a cynic? – As a bell, I loudly repeat.  
Running down this cold night out of mind, not out of sight,  
Throwing a tam o'shanter in the air while celebrating the moment  
I am about to sky dive as a guardian of free-fall with no safety net  
Daredevil of provincial extraction, not!  
So, where did it begin?

It must have been ... Goodness Gracious!  
Inside where the temperature is naturally optimal and commonly  
shared!  
The place that is of testicular density? – a voiceover whispered.  
Very well then! – a confirmation stated the origin of the establishment.  
And since that moment on the wheel of life begins to pedal,

Is it to an asylum that I am going to be sent to?  
Well, why not, I am not due for a medal!  
I remember a gauntlet of Silver Birches, Hazels and Poplars  
Like the three Musketeers crossing their little epees  
To be there it felt monumental like the citadel of Persepolis in Pars  
Or better, as an outcome of the Native architectonics known as  
Teepees.

How great is the world when one is belittled or youngling little  
Or when you feel as Goethe did before he turned forty!  
The desire to fecundate myself with the exquisite knowledge wasn't  
brittle

Rather volatile in a perverted sense! Sit, let me pour some tea!  
I'd laugh uproariously now and then,  
In a satirising almost decadent style,  
Reaching the moment of zenith, my personal Zen  
Secreting out of itself a 'split-load' of bile.  
In the fourth year, like Sade did, she's been claiming promiscuity of  
Dionysus,

But Juliette screams out of her, at least in the way of male perception  
One would want to pause or at least say – Hey, you little missus,  
Will you stop right there and in a single breath make an exception?  
Do not throw at him a handful of grand 6-inch clitorises!  
How offensive that must've felt!  
I'm seated after having said this in bewailment like an ox  
Not thinking of the grandeur but of her buttocks  
Gloriously, as an ambler, I lift the embargo on this thought  
Not letting myself to be aghast at the sight of it but almost orgiastic  
Don't judge, don't jump the gun, as it is all onomastic!

Stop sucking on this life's debris like Cleopatra while tormenting her  
men

It just happened that I disrupted my benevolence, infuriated  
Like a militant tumour that marches through a brain engaged in  
flagellate

Like a Parisian who did not have time to enjoy his glass of wine  
When an image of Darwinian-Judeo-Christianity arose as a subset of  
sexuality!

Or, to be frank, as the moment I exude the last drop of piety before my  
Harlot.

Whatever it takes, and as degenerative as any revolution  
Or as imaginative as any repressive fiction of elementary metaphors  
Whatever it takes, in this character of aggression  
Even if you consult your palmistry experiences cloaked in panic and  
objection

As peremptory as it may sound, this isn't a sonnet of subsequent  
lucidity,

But an ode to a virago of the Amazonian substance and the Socratesian  
integrity.

I am not going to abort anything that may appal nor will I  
Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!  
Oh, my Command-Dante, here I come,  
Interwoven in the postures of the nudity seen in Medici Chapel  
Inflexible as Colossus, said I gruffly while holding a horn  
Almost with this mercurial temperament that creates a moon man  
Exuberant in the moments of severe solitude  
Supported and loved perhaps only by a clique of virtual entities,



That never existed, but were, a part of an imaginative huffiness,  
Trumpian like!

Give me the Tardis and without a sign of hesitation I will pick Hellenic  
Egypt

To be able to hedonistically squander every natural law,  
Bright or bleak in an image of a modern freak.

I often feel that my life was raped by a not so courteous, not so  
kind circumstance.

Not that I pity myself

While holding a gun on my temple with this gentle discipline,

My identity is clear but my behaviour is doubtful

To the extent of brutish masculinity – defined as stubbornness.

Oh Majesty! of all frozen bouquets of white lilies in the salons of  
damnation

I have walked the road from the desolate meadow of bent archetypes,  
Where swamps are placed on each side of it by some invisible maniacal  
hand

Of a capricious God, as Christopher used to fancy it,

To the organic nature of a relapsed reality,

Applicable only in such a nasty dimension.

Chaucer objected absolutism but he would have embraced allegory or  
eclogue!

Aw, - I would use a serpentine and, as the Duke of Swabia marched,

I would march that road while firing ignorance with tenderness

So it melts in the air before it reaches your lips,

And when I look at them I want my eyes to be protuberances that

Strike and pierce with no radioactive effect, of course!

And that isn't ordinary! as it wasn't ordinary in Leonardo's opus.

As we looked at the Birth of Venus, I was in the painting with you.

Look at it again! Now! Look at it, please!

Do you feel the authenticity of the will to be in every slice?



Together as Siamese twins, levitating and untouchable we bear the  
burden of it.

I could never be David as that role does not suit my nature  
But you know I would be on his side.

I wanted to be Perseus, victorious and proud, loved completely  
Sometimes even an object de culte in particles of joy.

Do you remember the flirtation in writing, with no sound, or light  
with no physicality or touch, or scent?

An amputated dimension free of sins at the embassy of platonic love,

When the walk of red shoes turned into softness more delicate than  
moccasin,

Within fifteen minutes I have lived all the years I have missed out on,  
The years of duels, challenges, combats, contests,

I call it the age of reverence!

Being so privileged, for I thought, if I do just a little more I would reach  
it,

I would enjoy the smell of smut just a little longer,

And as luck would have it the curtain fell so hard ending this age,

Just like it ended the hopes and dreams of a young Olympian in the  
making.

I cannot be paralysed staring at this Medusan eye that is like the Berlin  
wall

In front of me preventing the pain from being released.

There is so much of black paint in the distant and recent past,  
That like hot glue sticks to any surface of reflection of our souls,  
And slowly or never fades away.

My post-mortem may bear the stroke of your hand, in your lap,  
On your knees with a single tear so priceless

That may fall on my cold cheek with power to revive, resurrect.

But not this time, not this time.

My virility dissipated, my strength evaporated, my hope diminished  
My pain increased, my sadness swelled, my dying delighted.

It would be no accident for the entire firmament to welcome the  
marble statue

Off to the higher ground so sterile and so heavenly boring,  
The penurious acceptance committee may not be human but would  
piss me off!

Well, as Carrickfergus quietly spells out its notes, may I be burned!? –  
I support the idea of still being able to choose,  
Just to avoid the heavens being shocked by my St Louis Blues.

Oh, isn't it such a fascist oppression when one is wounded so deeply  
That starts circling in the whirlpool of emotional punishment  
And yet as an indigent vagrant almost obsequious cannot die nor live  
without it.

What the ledger of life hides no incarnation can reveal!  
At the time of my rite of passage I have reached the nirvana of  
destruction,

No tuxedo, thank you, just a bullet-proof vest.  
Walking through a quiet field of death in an early April  
Absorbing the consequence of sparagmos like an icicle above my  
vertex

It dangled with hesitation while being depicted in the singing of  
blackbirds.

For others it was the most precious commodity found in that dump.  
And they came, chump after chump.

The zircon in my eye sharpened while looking through the scope  
Repeating the drill again, and again, downing it in a oner  
The paragon of excellence that could not be surpassed,  
How foolish, and how inhumanely sad!

Incredible! When one thinks of it the thoughts are being turned into an  
auger!

Blame me for the executions as I go through sepia - the auger through  
my heart,

Blame me for daring to bring it back from the event horizon

Being on the inside of it and escaping the pull

Gave me a chance to embrace my life and play it under new rules,

In the jungle of the Congo like Tarzan, this time – king of fools!

I never wanted an ornament of honour, as there was no honour in it.

Give the golden brooch to the old lady witch at the sooty '*Meyhane*'!

Just sail on under 'the bridge over troubled water' - and keep sane.

As the odyssey in the skiff continued a more sentient being begun to  
appear,

At times feeling as a eunuch who was unable to change anything,

In zenith of toxicity as miasma on a cold misty morning.

What an epic feeling is to hold an axe of revelation,

In the hands of a matador - a labyrinth of madness,

Throwing at the bull of life a cape of opulent burden full of grotesque

Put me in the stealth mode to permanently avoid stupidity!

(Demanding it loudly with no shame)

Allow me an era of reverie - dark as midnight with no saboteurs

And I will feel, bloody brilliant. No publicity!

Wholesome and hale in the dominion of eye-potent fascination

Rising from the chthonian depth into civility

From the places where wuthering hurricanes cussed through

The golden locks of an exonerated anomaly

Forming in such a way a cantankerous personality craving a revenge,

Wanting to contest any bout with a bull or pallor

Decorum did not matter even if the Magi were contested on Epiphany.

Bring it on! Bring 'em all! Indeed.

With no discrimination the true political correctness flourished,



But the soul could not find the auto-erotic mode of emotional  
completeness

Until that day when all the eddies stopped, and  
The wrist on a chair, in monochrome, pointed the direction.  
With the greatest difficulty to be just, and I wouldn't do justice to it to  
say, I swear

The snapshot in time captured the universe of perfection,  
Mim, prim, Osiris and Isis in the archipelago of Faros for eternity to  
bear.

In this dark tunnel the only ophthalmic stimulant to move forward  
Is the emotional candelabrum carried on the inside like an Olympic  
torch.

Oh dear! This darkness looks so avant-garde like a pair of crazy  
coloured socks,

And the fancy thing about it is an infinite resignation  
That hovers as an all '*dernier cri*' of the highest order in the realm of  
lox.

Breathe it! Feed the need of this transvestised fallen world of  
internalised dilemma.

Yes, imitation! Yes, agitation. Yes, abdication.

He was fin de siecle born poet who opened my mind to see the poetic  
*Gubernya*,

And the contralto priestess immersed in the white magic of the written  
word opened everything else.

Am I going to supplant *Chopin's Nocturne Op 9 No. 2* with the blue  
eyes,

Which release the two liquid glaciers in a free-fall of amorous  
'potentia'?

Having no desire in becoming a well-known cubist

I wish to note that tabula rasa of my remorse tops the list!

I want to assemble the force, summon the Armada of the night to  
unfold the time

The hypnotic sleep-walk will diagnose this flaccid imp in me  
All the recantations will die there where selfishness butchers the  
prophetic shields

As If I were to go through the film of yesteryears...

The sandy beach anchored in the Port Phillip Bay was dressed in a  
bodysuit,

The secluded and frothy waves battered the rocks,

And the sunset on a pier in Noosa that evening never looked better!

The colours of gold, copper, purple and pink – the epitome of beauty,

The embodiment of the Sun. The second coming of Hathor.

These days I soliloquy often as if I am rehearsing for a conversation  
with someone.

It seems like a dialogue between Vladimir and Estragon with  
incantations

Which come from an inner fierce force of destruction and corrosion,

Carnal and flesh eating, - parasitic and unsustainable. Endemic!

The turbulence creates mental glittering, and

Then the moments of insanity come, so noble and balanced, my perfect  
pandemonium.

In this salon of orderly mortality I devour volatility of emotions

Like an opportunist who can demonstrate to a matron the origin of  
sincerity

How idealistic!

Sometimes it seems to me that my life role is a part of a museum  
diorama,

Where my epicardium is examined and sampled

Or, on occasion, it resembles the role of an emulator of hallucination

Allegorised in the images of poetic wrath, all worried,

Standing on the platform of despotic witticism as the last romantic  
connoisseur

Hand to hand, relentless in the rhetoric that does not need an aegis of  
virtuality



Nor en passant on the distribution of love!  
That bullet may blow the brain but it won't deny the fact!  
As a Roman raconteur who used a bon mot on a little stool to attract  
attention,  
I often feel the same but would climb a stool for a different reason,  
Though, even then, my mummary would rather miss the beat.  
What a perverse poetic autobiography this is!  
Is becoming a corpse a process of decadence, or lunacy incorporated?  
My secret life flickered with the prohibition of conscience, exquisite and  
ripe

It created an identity of departure, finalised and declared,  
An absurd affinity towards sensual and tolerant, bold and blunt  
Almost as the doctrine of Gray towards the painting,  
A pure invention of aggression as the shield of the ultimate protection  
A primal animalism of wounded devotion,  
A proclamation of celibacy from falsity in the name of Orpheus,  
I bow before all not bedizened but bare, untangled and restored,  
My armour is my open palm, my demeanour masculine but calm.

Lupus Dei, grief of the heart, sealed eyes...  
Has he not spoken of the total collapse of his identity?  
Gorged in simplicity of his violent shadows, foreboding,  
Giving almost the most beautiful cataleptic look full of texture,  
The one that is in a dreamland between love and longing,  
A heart completely exposed to a bayonet forged in the fires at  
Mediana.

A persistent agony of dissolution shall make no rule,  
As I demand it to be silent, in my head, in my heart, in my soul,  
It shall not display negative or destructive rituals, or,  
Insensible impatience or it shall not raise the voice or angst  
That would disturb the peace at a small well in the oasis of aspiration,  
It shall not be prohibitive, unduly, infringing or chaotic,

It shall not be so!  
Oh shadows, shadows of the dark,  
Set the chain of events free,  
Let them be modest and true,  
In the darkened arc – ignite a spark,  
Let me in – let it be!

## GYRES OF LIFE



Following gyres of life  
One palpates  
The level of disease  
Psyche wrestles  
In the palestra,  
Ceremoniously, I'd say,  
As if benediction would happen  
Now, any day.  
Invisible but with vigilance,  
Let me hold or behold,  
The ground and stance,  
When you enter into my manse  
Less hostile,  
Rather stance with a smile.  
Esteemed friend,  
In my head,  
Speaking to you,  
The state of affair is  
- So, so, so sad,  
I'd like to prenotify  
Of this concord, you,  
While I am sane, slightly mad.  
Blow the whistle,  
I am starving  
Of the good life,  
On the edge  
That's being grind,



Or being carved  
Out of my mind.



Arcadian almost snake like road, moonlit, bumpy and quiet,  
Fox tippy-toed across to the burrow,  
In anticipation thrown a singular look,  
Beyond the gate lovely nook,  
For you, the least I could do.

Verdant but with a lot of grunt,  
The prospect of this dyad  
Simple and straight,  
Let's take a bite,  
In the isolated carrel,  
Not a room as some would call it,  
As the intention was to enjoy,  
Learn and study,  
Predominantly all of you.  
Suzanne!

With *Blue-Eyed Boy* in a glass,  
Taste of your skin on the lips,  
Throws and dips,  
Dolores sang her heart out,  
Diving in a bout,  
Where memories meet passion,  
*Tango Criollo* moving the hips,  
A step toward the scent, and;  
The citadel was to fall after a long siege,

I found my refuge, deep in it,  
Where no enemy could touch,  
Enjoying every bit of it, thank you very much.

## MEDIA



Floating o'er smooth seas of unhampered trust,  
The datelines became all important, a must,  
The professional ethic is passed as nuisance,  
In the 90's no one cared to check, or ever since.

Broadcast good, bad or ugly, never mind,  
Terrible, fake, unchecked, whatever kind,  
Announce the authenticity by being embedded,  
The info got censored, tailored, always vetted.

Newsless stories, political agenda got divulged,  
Stakeholders chipped-in, CEO's pockets bulged,  
Let's not distract the narrative, bore and unreal,  
Let's not overreact, heads down, as we kneel.

They cannot depress but announce betoken word,  
Never mind, the nonsense that borders with absurd,  
Surprise, their days aren't over for we're soft,  
As they continue their "float-over-seas" waft.

# S P A W N

---



Don't make me suffer like Prometheus on a mountain peak,  
My providence lies between alchemy and illusion,  
While I strive to be entrenched and meek,  
In the furrow of life,  
Liberated from any type of hubris,  
Crossing the fence,  
Ripping the chains,  
Not giving a pence to obstacles nor pains.  
Rather, I'd respect the archaic version of the solar wheel  
That crosses the sky, and without temptation I'd keep it real,  
Without hearsay of consciousness, only selfless zeal,  
Without toxins I shall start to peel  
The layers of life like the skin of an eel.  
Hunter!? Indigenous at heart,  
Stuck in an unusual labyrinth at the bottom of a ravine,  
Coroneted in a desert that no one has seen,  
Travelled far and away,  
Through the blue eyes of degenerative cells  
That open micro-possibilities of endless wells.  
A lifetime away from what seems to be a spontaneous  
Rift of logic, and an eave that holds Olymp,  
With no intention to limp,  
But to run strong, and fast,  
Holding a whip,  
Boarding a ship,  
Ticking this bulletin off,

V O Y A G E R



Refusing to be a write-off.  
As always, there is a new dawn,  
As I spawn.



The emblem of my sovereignty,  
 A dagger through a heart.  
 The sovereignty of incarceration,  
 A flight over an aery dell.  
 The incarceration is as a royal charter  
 In the fidelity of a vendetta.  
 At noonday, the words purporting  
 A coarse tumult of the local milieu,  
 In the sea of ethereal bitterness.  
 And, there is no one more to impress!  
 If but some pallid fairy would reach,  
 For the cavern missed by the dagger,  
 If but some grey wolf would save me,  
 From this agony in the pavilion of orbs,  
 Then as avenged as a lonesome beggar  
 I'd dare to plot a different course.  
 If but some fate trader would put hope  
 On the beam scale to judge a chance,  
 If but the One could say yes to me  
 I would tango for two, or any dance.

VOYAGER  
VOYAGE AND DEATH

---



Oh no!  
When a boat departs from the bay,  
Floating on the white flowers of the sea foam,  
When a tiny bit of the Moon wanders across the oceans,  
All coloured in the ash of clouds,  
Not even then the rest of your life  
Under the colour of the night  
Won't let you escape her,  
After whom the sadness mashes the pale forehead  
As a dried saffron!  
Not even then!  
In the night that swims,  
In the silver of undreamed nightmares,  
In the landscape,  
Where the stars on the horizon hang as oranges,  
Is it the port calling or  
The soft blueness in the mountains of lemon trees?  
The condor of love will puncture the heart with its insatiable claws!  
You will wander as a pirate with a scar,  
As red as a drop of the Caledonian dawn  
Leaning over an abyss,  
Strangling the heart as a pirate.  
The sea will be singing while touching the red hips,  
When you try to choke the dream,  
As you would choke a seagull.  
The stars and the leaves of the clouds,



Far on the horizon will remind you,  
Of the scream of penguins,  
Or of the purple colour of sunset.  
You cannot rip the golden rings in the sky,  
Or the halo of the Moon,  
And the image you see,  
From the sea foam to the bird's feathers.  
For that love,  
You will sprinkle the bread crumbs across,  
As the oblivion you are seeking now,  
Wherever you go Godspeed with you!  
Suddenly, the diamond night, when you do not expect it,  
Cloaked in pain and longing,  
Will squeal from the top of the antenna,  
That is extended from your heart.  
Oh, love! The one heavier than death!  
Stop blinding the skipper!  
You are turning the life to the lascivious magic,  
Of the chariots in the starry sky,  
Effortlessly strike the heart,  
As a worm does it to the rotting flesh of a bamboo tree.  
I could drop my poetry in a moment and go bust,  
If I knew you would stop following me,  
As a black night atop this mast!

## H O P T O P O D



Majestic is decay in the house of bloom, they call it - Miner's pub,  
A puce bottle was replaced with a very cold pint  
In it the *Hoptopod*, one of a kind!  
Dwarfs trotting, serpents curling, pale vampires partying,  
The long lashed eyes tempting to look at me with no trust,  
But with a deep conviction in a totally wrong analysis,  
That was the cause of anger, a regular mind paralysis.  
The choice to die in the sea away from all, in peace,  
I looked at it a little confused but conducted my mouth piece  
To be quiet like reincarnation in the shadows of a storm.  
And I did, and it did pass like the freedom of nevermore.  
The Nymph, the memories, the divinity where it all once stood,  
Poof! No sin but a naked past waving a goodbye!  
Just one more judge!  
It is not hard, and it won't take long or much,  
The wounds require no salt  
*Toda Una Vida* used to be the blueprint,  
Now, I do not even need a discrete hint,  
To get up and walk away like a gun once the pint is done!

# EYES

---



My eyes, alabaster white, my time like an Alchemist straight,  
The soul scented slightly like a floating flower,  
*Organza* – give us a touch, pin it on the heart,  
Even if it is meaningless, throw a dart!  
Tediously enveloped, politely collapsed,  
In the mirror looked behind her veil,  
Not sure should I celebrate or hail, or am I about to fail?  
I am stuck now, with the relics of morality  
Beaten down like a clown!  
Suddenly on her turf my heart is in the grave  
Divided, corrupted, blocked and got mocked, as I gave.  
In this final round the clamps got off  
Totally unblocked, - doff!  
Take care of those knees that knelt in grief  
Engraving the exhumed hand that used to bring gifts,  
So revered but at what cost came a bunch of costly rifts?  
Many questions yet to be thoroughly answered,  
Countless feelings to be tamed,  
Heap of time and just one life hardly ever grasped,  
I breed no fear in a juicy delirious pear,  
As I offered an awful amount to share, I swear!  
Pillars turned to ashes falling through the fingers of the timekeeper,  
Who sealed the deal by turning the smell of Citron  
To tasteful sweetness of luscious honey, an ascension,  
Now, gone into a deep gravitational pull of a different dimension.

## THE LAST CHANCE



The Last Chance was like a gunshot,  
A Digger who met Artemisia almost like nought,  
It moved, it flowed,  
It conquered the lands of Romans  
Binned with a flick of a finger in a sentence  
Tapped on a tip of her tongue with no repentance.  
The mistral covered the distance,  
All the way to the Viking lands,  
The booze? Nothing to choose,  
The words like *amadou* ignited fires,  
In her eyes behind mystery and glasses,  
She easily outclasses,  
Many and all, - masses.  
The chatter like on a billiard-table,  
Rippled the imagination,  
Abundance of inspiration, the time did not matter,  
It flattered,,  
It enhanced,  
He has not glanced,  
But looked through the darkened cover,  
Aiming for the eyes,  
The highest prize,  
Lean, intense and moral,  
The moment captured, smile almost floral!  
Fain to go, both were freely,  
Fair skin, youthful and natural,

Whence it comes, whence it always come?  
Hope is from the heart,  
Thrown to fly on a Cupid's dart!

## PRIZE BE WITH YOU



Prize be with you, in hand my drinking horn,  
As I dress you up in the extravagance of love born.  
Of the word's eternity, I shall speak  
As the panorama of an unobstructed view not so bleak,  
Grants the tutelary coronation, I longed so much,  
Cared, and craved, pulsated, swayed upon your touch.  
Brittle, frail and delicate, let others be,  
You and I don't plea! We share a mutual glee,  
A steep degree of enduring openness and trust,  
Brutal honesty, and a bit of pain is - just a must.  
As the Sun rays protruded you felt a slight distend,  
An immediate urge to accommodate and to extend.  
Well, you give me no fake monetary moan,  
Bring the Heavens, bring the Hell, into my zone.

I've opened the door for a sensile travel  
Up above the stars, and deep under the gravel,  
Don't bend the knee to the of passage of time  
But raise in a resurrection as He in His prime  
As you raise, I adore you to the bone,  
Deep in the heart, engraved into the stone.  
As you deliquesce in the garden of joy,  
As you more bonny than Helen of Troy,  
O boy, give me the worlds to conquer for you  
There is no need to fear, just quietly mew.  
I voyage through the Straits of Magellan,  
Playfully, joyfully as a joey pademelon.

Flying, flying, refusing to fall on my feet,  
Conquering the lands, victorious, no defeat.

## AMARANTHINE TEMPTRESS



You - amaranthine temptress!  
Pay attention for a sec.  
Let's give it a hap,  
Ad-lib like vagabonds on the road,  
Rambling to dusk in a single step,  
Just before the first stars  
Appear in our eyes,  
With Jupiter for you under the Moon, or  
Ganging up with me to outlaw the routine,  
Fortuitously not to isolate for more,  
Not to exclude the beauty of the scene  
But to boldly intervene,  
In this chronicle of life  
Coalesce in the shadows  
Tumble down a hill,  
Fall to our lot of feelings, emotions and ideas  
Celebrate avocation of joy,  
Incumbency of passion to become dear *métier*  
Weaving between our fingerprints  
As an all evening event,  
Under the sky or an Arab tent.  
Perhaps a symphony of sound at night,  
No matter how small or how big,  
But be honest and straight,  
Be quick on the uptake,  
Through the sound of your voice  
Through a singing retort



Of any sort,  
At a gig, in a debate, or in bed,  
While using a thread, a cord or a string  
No, not a fling!  
But a romance  
Craving for a glimpse  
From behind to see the Universe  
Or just a verse  
Between the skin of yours, or mine.  
Thank-you note in the eyes,  
Not in the words!  
Create our little worlds,  
Unique, versatile, just slick.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Grigorije Gavranov has been writing poetry since the late 80's of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. He has published two books of poetry so far, in languages other than English. The first, "The Curses of the Pagan Love" was published in early 2019, while "Abyss", his second book has been published in August 2019 by the same publisher, *Mann Online Publishing Enterprise*. This book is his first published book in the English language.

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